

THE
CHARACTER
OF A
Town-Gallant;

EXPOSING

The Extravagant Fopperies of some
vain Self-conceited Pretenders to
Gentility and good Breeding:

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The Character of a Town Gallant.

A *Town-Gallant* is a Bundle of *Vanity*, composed of *Ignorance*, and *Pride*, *Folly*, and *Debauchery*; a silly *Huffing* thing, three parts *Fop*, and the rest *Hector*: A kind of *Walking Mercers shop*, that shews one Stuff to day, and another to morrow, and is valuable just according to the price of his *Suit*, and the merits of his *Taylor*: A Spawn of *Gentility* that inherits only the *Vices* of his Ancestors, and is like to entail nothing but Infamy and *Diseases* on Posterity. His first care is his *Dress*, and next his *Box*, and in the fitting these two together consists his Soul and all its Faculties. His Trade is making of *Love*, yet he knows no difference between that and *Lust*, and tell him of a *Virgin* at Sixteen, he shall swear then *Miracles* are not ceas'd. He is so bitter an Enemy to *Marriage*, that one would suspect him born out of *Lawful Wedlock*, For he never hears *Matrimony* nam'd but he sweats and starts as bad as at the Salute of a *Serjeant*, and has 40. Lines of *Conjugium Conjugium*, got ready by heart to rail at it. But for the most delicious Recreation of *Working*, he protests a Gentleman cannot live without it: And vows *Mabomet* was a brave Bully and deserves to be *Worshipped*, because he had the wit to make his *Paradise* a *Seraglio*, and the Joies of the *Blessed* to consist in plump Wenches, &c. The Devil has taught him a *Chymistry*, whereby he can extract *Bandy* out of the most modest Language. So that he makes *Cato* speak it, And turns Admonitions into obscenity, For his mind is a Room hung round with *Aretines* Pictures, and the Contemplation of them is all his Devotion:

votion : Every thing with him is an Incentive to Lust, and every Woman Devil enough to tempt him, *Covent-Garden* Silk-Gowns, and *Wapping Wastcoaters*, are equally his Game, for he watches *Wench*s just as *Tumblers* do *Rabbits*, and plays with Women as he does at *Cards*, not caring what Suit he turns up *Trump*.

All his Talk is *Rhodomantado* and *Bounce*, calling a Nobleman *Jack* as familiarly as his Foot-boy, and seldom naming a *Lord* without adding, *My Cozen* : Whatever he does he cries is like a *Gentleman*, and indeed tis only like it as a *Breakers Ware* is to a *Mercers*, or *Long-lane* compar'd to *Cheap-side*, for he is a Wit of an under Region, that does but *Zany* the tru'y *Brave* and *Noble*, grossly imitating on the Low Rope, what t'other does neatly on the Higher. He confers Titles of *Honour* on all his *Shabby* Companions, to create himself the greater esteem with his *Land Laay* (who adores him as a more accomplished Knight than she ever met with in *Parisius* or *Amadis of Gaul*.) And when he is going to take a *Run* with a *Common Crack* in the *Park*, Swears he has an *Affignation* from a *Lady* of extraordinary *Quality*. His *Hangers on* call him *Man of Blood*, and by his own Report he is as stout as a *Turkey-Cock* yet he never was in any Service but building *Sconces*; nor *Duel*, but with his own Foot-boy or a *Drummer*. for he is so *Prudent* as not to exercise his Courage against any that dare turn again, and has got more *Begars* than ever he made *Fatherless* Children, yet perhaps at frst he will be *Saucy*, and bluster like the four Winds in *Painting*, but if you begin to be as high as he, strait the *Bubble* breaks, and then he swears, — *I Gad sir, I over honoured you, but you are a passionate Gentleman and will not understand a jest*

Think not because I repeat so oft he swears, that I Tautologize in his Character, tis only to make the Picture more like the *Life*, for all his Discourses are Butter'd with *Oaths*, which he uses *Euphon a gratia*, and is as curious in their *Newness* as the *Facon* : In which he seems a Kinsman to the *Man in the Moon*, for every Moneth he's in a New-

mole, and instead of true *Galatry* (which once dwelt in the Breasts of *Englishmen*) he is made up of Complements, *Cringes Kays, Flatteries, Persuasions* and a thousand *French* Apish Tricks, which render him only fit to be set on a Farmers *Hovel* to scare away Crows. He placeth his very *Essence* in his outsize, and his only Prayers are that his *Father* may go to the Devil *expeditiously*, and the Estate hold out to keep his *Mis*, and himself in good *Equipage*. He thinks it the rankest *Heretic* in the World, to believe any Man can be *Wise* or *Noble*, that is in plain Cloaths. And therefore looks down with Contempt on every body, whose *Wig* is not right *Flaxen*; And calls the whole *Tribe of Levy* dull Fellows, because they go in *Black*, and wonders any People should think they can ever speak *Sense*, When they wear neither *Lac'd Crewts*, nor *Pantaloons*.

To trace him *ab origine*, His breeding was under the wing of a too Indulgent *Mother*, who took a VWorld of pains to make him a *Fool*, and attain'd her end at the Age of Discretion. At School he learn'd only how to Rob Orchards, and the Generosity of Bribing other Boys to make his *Exercise*. And staid at the *Univerſity* just long enough to *Commence Drunkard*, and get by heart the name of his *Colledge* to vapour with; from thence he posted to one of the *Inns of Court*, but in four years time, never read six Lines in *Lit-tleton*, for he lov'd a *Placket* better than a *Moot-case*, & was more in his *Mercers* Books than in *Coke*, or *Plowden*. For *Learning* he says is *Pedantry*, unbecomming a Gentleman; and *Law* a thing fit only for *Druggie-tayl'd Gown-men*, that have no way of raising a fortune, but by setting (two civil Gentlemen) *John-a-Noaks*, and *John-a-styles* together by the Ears: He has got a shorter Cut to all Arts and Sciences, than *Raymond Luay*, with his *Ars Mirabilis*; and thinks the 7 Wise men of *Greece*, meer *Ignoramusses*, to one that understands the *humours of the Town*. Tis but wearing *fashionable Cloaths*, talking *loud*, and Laughing at all one does not *understand*, and the *business* is done.

His whole Library consists of the *Academy of Complements*,
Venus

Under ande's'd, Westminster Dresser, half a dozen Plays,
 and a Bundle of *Bawly Songs in Manuscript*, yet he's a
Shrew'd Linguist. Impudence he call's the *Deen Assurance*,
 and unmannerliness, the *Genteel Negligence*. He talks no-
 thing but *Intrigues, Gusto's, Garnitures, Repartees* and such
 modish *Fustian*, which he Hedges in on all occasions or in-
 deed without any, and if you bar but *forty words*, you strike
 him *Dumb*. He admires the Eloquence of, *Son of a Whore*,
 when tis pronounced with a good Grace, and therefore ap-
 plyes it to every thing; So that if his *Pipe* be faulty, or his
Purge Gripe too much, Tis a *Son of a Woore Pipe*, and a
Spawn of a Bitch Purge. For *New-minted Phrases* he has
 much enricht our Language: Twas he brought, *I beg your*
Diversion, into fashion, and may have a Patent for the
 sole use (as first Inventer) of that Noble Complement,
Let me be Damn'd, and my Body made a Gridiron to Broil my
Soul on to Eternity, If I do not Madam, love you confoundedly.

Till Noon he lies a *Bed* to digest his over-nights *Debanche*
 and then having *Drest* himself, and paid half an hours Ado-
 ration to his own sweet *Image* in the *Looking-glass* he *Trails*
 along the *Streets*, observing who observes him, to the *French*
Ordinary, where he swills his Paunch with good *Cheer* and
Burgundy, and tells at Dinner how his *Physick* workt last
 night, and Swears never any *Clapt* plagu'd him half so much
 as that he has now upon him. Curling his *Doctor* for a
Quacking Bastard, that understands a Gentlemans *Disease*
 no more than a *Ferryer*. After this the Coach is call'd to
 hurry him to the *Play-house*, where he advances into the
 middle of the *Pit*, struts about a while to render his good
 parts Conspicuous, pulls out his *Comb*. Carreens his *Wig*,
Hums the *Orange Wench* to give her, her own rates for her
China-fruit, and immediately *Sacrifices* the fairest of them
 to the shrine of *next Vizor Mask*. Then gravely sits down
 and falls half asleep, unless some *petulant Wench* hard by
 keep him awake with treading on his *Toe*, or a wanton
 Complement; Yet all on a sudden to shew his *Judgment*,
 and prove himself at once a *Wit* and a *Criticke*, he starts up,
 and

and with a Tropical Face, *Damns the Play*, though he have not heard (at least understood two Lines of it. However, when tis done, he picks up a *Miss*, and pinching her fingers in a soft Tone, and looks most abominably *Languishing*, he VVhispers, *Damn me, Madam ! If you were but sensible, and all that of the passion I have for you, and the Flames which your irresistible Charms, and all that have kindled in my Breast you would be merciful and Honour me with your Angelical Company, to take a Draught of Loves Pisset at next Tavern.* But if he finds her honest and cannot prevail, then he cries aloud, *Damn ye for a Puritanical Whore, what make you in the Pit here : The Twelve-peny Gallery with Camblet Cloaks, and Foot-boys, is good enough for you.* And so raises his Seige and leaves her.

Whither he goes next I dare not follow him, for tis certainly a *Bawdy-house*, by what Name or Title soever it may be *Dignified or Distinguished* : Here he meets a Squadron of his Fellow Gallants, and having heightened their Spirits with jollity and Wine, they are fit for any thing but *Civility* ; And when they vouchsafe to Ramble homewards about One or Two a Clock in the Morning, they set up the dreadful *Sa,sa*, more dangerous to meet than an *Indian* Running a *Muck*. In these Heroick humours hath many a *Watchman* had his *Horns* Batter'd about his Ears ; and the trembling *Constable* been put besides the Gravity of his Interrogatories, and forced to measure his Length upon the Ground. The first man they meet they Swear to *Kill*, and set all the *Wine* on their Heads ; and so they proceed till the rattling of Broken *Glass Windows*, the shrieks of distressed *Damozels*, and the Thunder of their own *Oaths*, and Execrations, fills all the *Neighbour-hood* with horror, and makes them verily Conclude, That the *Devil* and all his *Life Guard* are going a *Processioning*.

Next Morning his *Taylor*, his *Mercer*, his *Haberdasher*, and his *Seamstress* stand all like a Guard of *Switzers* about his Chamber door, waiting his Up-rising : To avoid the *Gunning* of whose small Shot, He instantly dispatches a *Light Horse*.

Horfe-man to call Mr. *Glister* pipahis Apothecary ; Who
 encountering this desperate Band of Creditors , only with
 two or three *Glasses*, as though that day he had *Purged*,
 drives them all to their Holes like so many *Foxes*. For
 the name of Physick is the only *Amulet* against a *Dan*, and
 a sufficient *Quicquid est*, to any beleaguerrd Gentleman.

Thus the *Iliads* of our *Gallants* Accomplishments, may
 be *Crampe* up in a Nut-shell. His three *Cardinal* Ver-
 tues, being only *Swearing*, *Wenching*, and *Drinking* ; and
 if other mens lives may be compared to a *Play*, his is cer-
 tainly but a *Farce* ; which is acted only on three *Scenes*.
 The *Ordinary*, the *Play-house*, and the *Tavern*. His Reli-
 gion (for now and then he will be prating of that too) is
 pretendedly *Hobbian* : And he Swears the *Leviathan* may
 supply all the lost Leaves of *Solomon*, yet he never saw it
 in his life, and for ought he knows it may be a *Treatise* a-
 bout catching of *Sprats*, or new Regulating the *Gree-*
land Fishing Trade. However the Rattle of it at *Coffee-*
houses, has taught him to Laugh at *Spirits*, and maintain
 that there are no *Angels* but those in *Petticoats* : And
 therefore he defies *Heaven*, worse than *Maximine*, ima-
 gines *Hell*, only a *Hot-house* to Flux in for a *Clap*, and
 call's the *Devil*, the Parsons *Bug-bear*, and sometimes the
Civil Old Gentleman in Black. He denies there is any
 Essential Difference betwixt *Good* and *Evil*, deems *Con-*
science a thing only fit for *Children*, and ascribes all *Hon-*
esty to *simplicity*, and an unpractisness in the *ways* and
Methods of the Town.

By these Extravagancies does he *Signalize* himself a-
 bove Common Mortals, and counts all other *Danghil*
Spirited Fops, that are not as madly *Wild* and *Wicked*
 as himself. Thus is *Civility*, *Vertue*, and *Religion*, boot-
 ed out of the World, and *Folly*, and *Atheisme* exalted and
 promoted : For this is the *Bell-weather* of Gallantry,
 whom

whom our Younger Fry of Gentlemen admire for a
Hero. And by these Arts does a man now adays come to
 be counted a Person *well-bred*, and fit for a generous *Con-*
versation, though in Truth tis only his *Estate* that Guilds
 his Vanity, and his *Purse* that can Compound for his Fol-
 lies ; for of himself he is a painted *Butter-flye* : A *Babson*,
 usurping Humane Shape ; or (to use his own filly nasty
 Phrase) *Mine A—se ah ever*. And so I leave him be-
 hind me, till I meet him next time, either in the *Kings*
Bench Walks, or an *Hospital*,

F I N I S

